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The Story of a Sin.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'There, that's right!' said the cashier to his assistant as they were closing their quarter's account, 'I am glad the balance has come so readily.'

But the account was not right. The keen eye of the young assistant had detected an error of ten pounds, but this, if pointed out, might entail on them some hours' work, for they must get the balance before they went

A DOZEN TIMES A DAY HIS CONSCIENCE REMINDED HIM OF HIS SIN.

home that night, and he was anxious to get away.

So he did not point it out. Still, after he was gone, he became concerned about it, for it might lead to serious complications, and he determined carefully to go into the matter at the first opportunity. The next morning the cashier was not well, and this gave him the chance he wanted. He had not far to look. The error was all in one account, and, curiously enough, there lay ten sovereigns in his desk from that very account, which he had accidentally forgotten to pay in. It was a careless blunder, which he should be ashamed to confess, but which exactly balanced the mistake on the other side. He had entered it in the regular way as being received, so that if he kept the money it could never be brought home to him.

His face flushed as he thought of it. He needed the money badly enough just then, and it would be mortifying to have to confess his careless forgetfulness. So he pushed the money into the corner of his desk and covered it with some papers. And there it lay for a week—for a fortnight. Then that account was gone into and balanced, and seemed right. It was just as if the money was intended for him—and he needed it so much. At last he put it into his pocket, and after awhile paid it away.

He paid his debts; they were not very much, but he had the uncomfortable feeling of a wrong-doer—a thief. He flushed crimson at times as he thought of it. Never again would he go beyond his salary. Supposing it possible that it should be discovered—and his memory told him of instances in which accident had brought such things to light—what would be the result?

He thought of the policeman and the dock, and the shame of being marched out of the office where he had held his head so high—a thief. He cursed himself for a fool. He cursed the accident that had put the money in his possession. He prayed also that God would help him. He even began to save up a little money towards paying it back, though it was hard work on a small salary.

But week after week went by, and still nothing came out. He began to feel more easy. It would not be found out this time. Conscience was not so pressing, and he would pay it back somehow, at some future time, and thus escape from the inner shame of being a thief. And as months passed it became clear at last it would not be discovered. The evidence of his guilt was buried in his own breast. It was one of the undiscovered crimes. He almost forgot it himself at last. But he never stole again.

Some years passed away. He became the cashier. Though young, he was looked upon as competent and trustworthy, and filled his position with credit. But one day he had to return home ill, seriously ill. And the question came to him, Was he about to die? And then there rose up steadily before his memory this one act of transgression—a theft, unconfessed, unatoned, going before him to judgment. Till now he had forgotten it. But it rose steadily before his conscience, it was an agony to bear worse than the pain of body. How could he face God with this sin? It marred his life.

He recovered, but he still carried about an uneasy memory. A dozen times a day, at home and at work, his conscience reminded him of his sin. He was assured the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. He prayed, but conscience stood unappeased.

'He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.' Did that mean he must go to his employers and slur his own name by a confession? No, surely! It was confession to God that was meant. He would not keep the money. He would send it back with interest and compound interest, anonymously.

But the compromise did not answer. It did not bring peace to his heart. Conscience was not satisfied.

At last he yielded. He stood in his employer's office, and confessed the sin to which he had yielded years before, told him the circumstance, and how he was trying now to find God's pardon, and this unconfessed sin stood in his way. He asked forgiveness of the old wrong.

His employer listened, took his hand, and said kindly, 'Say no more about it, Mr. Philips; I understand it all. It need never be mentioned between us again.'

And now he could look up to God, he had done all he could to set the wrong right. He had surrendered his pride, he had confessed the wrong in true penitence of heart, and the Spirit of God now sealed on his soul the living pardon of our Father.

'He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.'—J. Scott James.

A Grumbling Child.

One mother asks:—'If one has a persistently grumbling child, never satisfied, grumbles at getting up, at going to bed, at breakfast, at everything all through the day and night, what can a mother do? I have tried to show her how displeasing this is to

the dear Jesus, and also that every fault is building character, just as every victory over fault, and every good deed is making her a good and beautiful woman. She cares for nothing except punishment.'

I think in this case I would quit preaching and go to practicing. That is, I would not attempt to influence the child by any arguments, but I would let her reap immediately the results of her own conduct. If she grumbles at her breakfast, I would make no comment, but simply, quietly, pleasantly have the breakfast taken away from her and let her go without until dinner time. You need not be afraid of its doing her any harm to go without one meal, or even more, if she persists in grumbling. When she is thoroughly hungry she will eat.

If she grumbles at getting up in the morning, pleasantly acquiesce in her staying in bed, but insist upon it that she shall remain in bed, and that not appearing at the breakfast table, she loses her breakfast.

If she grumbles at going to bed, again agree in her staying up, and order it so that she shall find it an undesirable thing. Let her be left to go to bed alone and without the good-night attentions that she usually receives, or leave her to sit up alone, while the rest of the family go to bed. If she learned that every time she found fault with anything, it resulted in her being deprived of her pleasure, interfered with her happiness, while at the same time she saw nothing except you were very sweetly accepting her ideas, I think it would soon teach her that her own judgment is faulty and she would more willingly accept that which you arranged for her.—'American Mother.'

A Tour Round the World.

(By Rev. Henry Miller, in 'The Presbyterian.')

I went to early service one morning at the English Church, Delhi, adjoining the hotel. The church is a miniature St. Paul's Cathedral, standing in beautiful grounds. A large ball, and gilt cross, as at St. Paul's, London, crown the dome. Their predecessors are placed upon a pedestal near the entrance to the church, riddled with shot and shell—a memorial of the Mutiny. I felt the force of the comforting promise about the two and three gathered together, for the congregation consisted only of myself and a faded-looking woman. The clergyman was of the Dr. Moinet type—tall, handsome, faultlessly dressed, and impassive. The service was gone through in a monotone, and suited the resonant acoustics of the building. After service I had a long conversation with the minister. He did not eat the bread of idleness. He had no helper, and yet had two daily and three Sunday services, garrison work as chaplain, Bible classes, the superintendence of a mixed school of natives and Europeans, several ladies' societies to look after, etc. All this, with the other routine of ministerial duty, made up a tale of work equal to that of any hard-wrought merchant or mechanic.

PRESBYTERY AND EPISCOPACY.

On the verandah of the hotel I made acquaintance with a lady born in India, but who had been sent home to be educated at Helensburgh, Scotland. She returned to India, and was now married. Her Helensburgh experiences were interesting, and may carry a lesson. Brought up in the Church of England, she was taken by her aunt to the Free Church. The ways of the people, the singing, the extempore prayers, and, beyond all, the long sermon, were too much for her endurance. She begged to be allowed to attend the services of her own church, but her aunt was inexorable. At last she achieved her freedom. She resolved to behave in church so outrageously as to call down upon her the general attention of the congregation. She did so one Sunday so effectually that her aunt told her she would never take her to church again and kept her word. The service of Presbyterianism is certainly open to improvement, if it is to be attractive, and especially to the young. At the Episcopal service I have mentioned the lessons were read alternately by the minister and the faded-looking woman and myself. Why should we not have that in our own churches? Reading 'verse about,' makes people acquainted with the Bible, commits them to take part in the service, and emphasizes the fact that the church is the people, and not a hierarchy. 'You give the people nothing to do.' I remember a Yorkshire vicar saying to me when I travelled in Palestine.

JEYPORE.

was our next place of visitation. It is a strictly Indian city of mixed Mohammedans and Hindus; population, 143,000. There are not over 150 Europeans resident in it. The hotel was interesting. It dwelt apart among lofty trees, and in an expansive compound. Several abnormally large sheep and goats roamed about. They were sacred and privileged animals. They had a decidedly Jewish aspect. One billy, with solemn face and flowing beard, somehow reminded me of Abraham; but he was by no means of so amiable and self-sacrificing a character. He called at my bedroom door next morning, and I gave him some of my toast; but when the supply ceased the ungrateful creature horned me. These holy creatures take great liberties. One of them I found beginning to devour my notebook which I had left on a seat. Sacred or no, I made him acquainted with the point of my boot. In Jeypore we found camels common beasts of burden and draught. A hansom drawn by a camel was certainly a novelty; but there it was, with its ears eight or ten feet in the air, and going at a brisk pace. But to see so dignified a creature laden with great blocks of stone from the quarries, like a pack-mule, was humiliating. The crowded streets and bazars were most lively and picturesque. The main streets are 111 feet wide and paved and flagged. The city is laid out in rectangular blocks, and is divided into six equal portions. The houses are colored pink and white, the Maharajah's favorite color. Some of the buildings are magnificent—such as the Maharajah's palace, the college, the court house, the school of arts, the Hall of the Winds, and the public library. In the chief square pigeons covered the ground literally in thousands, and were being officially fed. The museum is the finest in India, with examples of every Indian art. Outside it is as beautiful as inside, being built of decorated inlaid marble. The Zoo is creditable for its tigers, and for one big monkey, chained in the open, who threw stones at us, or, rather, pitched them—big lumps, too. They were put in his way purposely, and, when provoked, he could project them 15 feet.

OLD JEYPORE.

We drove out seven miles to Old Jeypore to see the Ambar Palace, a grand pile, built in the year 1600, and presenting massive entablatures, double rows of columns, latticed galleries, gateways covered with mosaics, panels of alabaster, roofs glittering with spangled work, and doors of sandalwood, inlaid with ivory. There is a British Resident in Jeypore, but otherwise it is a perfectly independent Indian state.

THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE

deserves special notice. It covers an area of a half-mile square. All the gates are sufficiently lofty to admit of elephants with their howdahs. The private gate is of solid brass, elaborately ornamented, and cost 14,000 rupees. The public hall and hall of private audience are very fine, with marble pillars, but the decorations are garish, reminding you of the patterns of Manchester cotton prints. The carpets, we were told, were three hundred years old. They looked in perfect condition, but how so I cannot explain, for pigeons, peacocks, and other birds were flying or roaming over them and through the various rooms. The billiard-room, with its accessory rooms, pictures, etc., was handsome, with clerestory windows all round, for the ladies of the zenana to look down on the players. The Maharajah has five wives and four hundred concubines, who live in the top floor of the palace. The gardens are interspersed with canals of running water, 18 inches deep and 12 feet wide, and a lake 500 feet square. These had 1,000 jets of water, which are put into united action twice a year. We visited the crocodile pond, covering ten acres. Nine huge specimens were slumbering on one bank. At the call of the guide, and the waving of a hunk of meat, they lazily took to the water and swam to the steps of the terrace where we stood. The meat was tied to a cord, and was thrown to them and withdrawn in a provoking way. To hear the awful jaws snap was like a tin trunk being violently shut. Tell it not in Gath, but it is an open secret that, in addition to their other meals, these monsters are regaled with the female babies from the zenana, and perhaps other male and female babies as well. Jeypore contains one of the oldest and most famous observatories in the world, with oraries, sundials, etc., on large scales. The observatory is 80 feet high. In the royal stables we saw three hundred horses, the breeds of various nations, magnificent animals, but too well fed, and waited on with more care than human beings. There were a hundred and fifty carriages and one camel car, with a stud of twelve camels. The state car, made in Calcutta, cost 80,000 rupees, the harness 4,000. It was crowned with a palanquin which, as well as the harness and upholstery, was decorated with jewels. We saw the arena where the elephant fights are held three times a year. One of our Americans—the same who hung up the Stars and Stripes in the hotel—demanded to have one provided on the spot, but the palace servants did not respond.

We saw also the royal menagerie, consisting chiefly of tigers. One, of full age and size, caught only six months ago, was a spectacle for beauty and rage combined.

England may well afford to let Jeypore alone. Excluding, of course, Calcutta and Bombay, it is the cleanest, best-regulated, and altogether most satisfactory city we have seen in India.

H. MILLER.

On board the 'Egypt,' Arabian Sea, March 16, 1898.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Oct. 13, Sun.—The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.

Oct. 14, Mon.—They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed.

Oct. 15, Tues.—They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Oct. 16, Wed.—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

Oct. 17, Thur.—He giveth his beloved sleep.

Oct. 18, Fri.—With the Lord there is mercy.

Oct. 19, Sat.—How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

BOYS AND GIRLS

(By M. Collins, in 'Early Days.')

'Come out, and have a game. Do! there's a good chap; we want one more on our side,' said Harry Grace to a younger schoolfellow.

'I don't think I can play; my foot hurts so.'

'What is the matter with it?'

'Chilblains, I suppose; but it aches very much.'

'Well! I don't know what we shall do, then. You promised to come,' said Grace, rather angrily.

'Yesterday I did; but my foot wasn't bad then.'

'I wouldn't make a fuss about such a little thing as that. I don't believe you want to play, and are trying to sneak out of it.'

'Indeed I'm not!' sighed poor Cyril.

'Try just for this once, then, and you could have a good rest afterwards.'

'Shall I ask the housekeeper to put something on it to ease the pain?'

'Oh, no, don't do that; she won't let you come out at all then. Don't be a coward. Running about may do it good.'

'Do let me off this time,' pleaded Cyril.

'Of course, you are not bound to play, even though you promised. I know that,' said Grace, getting still more angry. 'But I felt sure we should win the game if you would make up the number; and you are not half a bad player, though you are such a little chap.'

'I really will come to-morrow,' said Cyril.

'Yes, that's all very fine, and then some of the other fellows won't be there,' growled Grace.

'Well, I'll try,' said the younger boy, slowly rising from his seat, and putting his aching foot to the ground.

'That's right,' said Grace cheerfully, taking a different tone now that Cyril had decided to come. 'I always said you were a brick.'

Every time the foot went to the ground a sharp pain made poor Cyril flinch; but he could not bear to be thought a coward, so he struggled along, wondering how ever he should manage to run after the ball.

When they reached the playground Grace just had time to whisper in his ear, 'I say, you'll try to keep going till the game's over, won't you?'

'How queer you look! what's the matter?' more than one boy asked Cyril.

'Oh, nothing much,' he said; 'my foot hurts a little, that is all.'

'Come on! let's start at once,' said Grace, anxious to begin now the number was made up.

So the ball was kicked, and as it came flying close by Cyril, he tried very hard to reach it, but instead fell down flat on the ground.

Up rushed the other boys full of excitement; but stopped suddenly when they saw him lying there, with white lips and closed eyes.

'Hallo! youngsters, what is the matter?' said Jackson, an elder boy, who happened to be passing.

'Cyril Mason's fainted,' was the answer.

'Cut off, then, and get some water, while I undo his collar.'

The boys all stood round, breathlessly watching.

After a minute or two Cyril gave a long drawn sigh, and then opened his eyes.

'Here,' said Jackson, 'drink some of this water. Do you know what made you go off like that?'

'Perhaps it was the pain in my foot; it does hurt rather,' said Cyril.

'What a silly little chap you were, then, to come out and try to play.'

'Oh, it's nothing very much. I'm better now,' said Cyril; 'don't let it spoil the game, please. Couldn't some one take my place? I don't think I could play to-day.'

'Never you mind about the game,' said Jackson kindly. 'You only look fit to go to bed. Take hold of my arm, and see if we can get indoors.'

Poor Cyril stood for a minute or two holding up the painful foot, and then tried very hard to walk. But it was no good; every time it touched the ground he felt like going off again. So two of the big fellows made a bandy chair and carried him upstairs, leaving him in charge of the good housekeeper.

'What a little muff not to say he felt bad!' said Jackson.

'"Muff" you call him. I call it plucky to try to play,' said another boy.

Grace had not spoken a word, but had been feeling very guilty all this time. Of course, he knew perfectly well that it was he who made Cyril come out.

He was sorry enough now, and would have been glad to say so, but could not quite see how to manage it.

Another boy took Cyril's place, and playing went on; but Grace took no interest in the game now. His thoughts were with Cyril all the time. So absent-minded was he that his comrades had to rouse him up more than once when he missed what could have been a splendid kick.

After tea he ran upstairs to the housekeeper's rooms, and, knocking at the door, asked if he may see Cyril.

'No, that you can't,' was the answer. 'The poor little fellow has just gone to sleep. The chilblain has broken, and he has sprained his ankle. The foot was so swollen we had to cut his boot off, and the doctor says it may be a long time bad. He should have spoken of it before, and ought not to have gone out this afternoon.'

When the door was shut Grace turned away, feeling very miserable. How he reproached himself for dragging the little lad out when he pleaded so hard to be let off!

It was not that he meant to be unkind, for there was not a better-hearted boy in the school; but he was so fond of games that it often made him act selfishly. Now he could do or think of nothing till he had seen Cyril and asked his forgiveness.

Next morning found him again upstairs knocking at the door to enquire after the invalid.

'He had been having a bad night with the pain, but it was easier towards morning, and he was sleeping now. Master Grace might come up and see him after school if he wished,' said the housekeeper.

What a long morning it seemed! But twelve o'clock came at last, and the moment the boys were dismissed Grace flew upstairs two at the time. This knock gained him admission. Cyril was lying on a couch looking very pale. He seemed surprised to see Grace; and as the housekeeper left the room he looked up and said, 'I hope I didn't spoil your game, but I really did try to keep up.'

'Yes, I know that, and I've felt such a brute ever since that I couldn't rest without telling you how awfully sorry I am. Can you forgive me?' he said, holding out his hand.

Cyril shook it heartily, and the elder boy let a tear fall, which he hastily brushed aside.

'I feel much happier now. I am so glad you came up,' said Cyril, 'for somehow I couldn't help thinking about you last night when I lay awake. I was so afraid you might believe I was shamming.'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Grace. 'You don't look much like shamming this morning, and yesterday you looked a great deal worse. It was so good of you not to tell the fellows I made you come out. I didn't tell them myself, but I feel as though I ought to.'

'Oh, please don't,' said Cyril. 'I would so much rather you didn't.'

'Well! I'd "rather" not, even though I feel it would be the right thing to do. But I tell you what, Cyril, I can see now how utterly selfish it was, and this will be a lesson that I shan't forget in a hurry.'

'Now, young gentleman, it's time for you to go down,' said the housekeeper, coming into the room with Cyril's dinner.

'Right you are, Mrs. Attwood. I'll be off; but may I come up again?'

'Yes, certainly,' she said. 'My patient looks all the better for your visit. It will be some days before he can come downstairs.'

Now that Grace had seen Cyril he felt more light-hearted; but he did not mean to forget that it was mainly his fault the little lad was a prisoner. So every day the playtime was spent upstairs with the invalid.

In vain did Cyril beg him not to lose all the games. He had determined not to play any more until the foot was well, and they could be out together.

In spite of being confined to the house

this was a happy time for the two boys. Mrs. Attwood was glad to leave them alone, well knowing that Cyril would be looking bright and cheerful when she came back.

What pleasant talks they had! How interested they were to listen to stories of the home folk, to read over old letters, and recount incidents of their early childhood.

Sitting chatting by the firelight in those winter evenings, with a sympathetic listener, left a lasting impression on both the boys, and they felt that much had been gained, even though it was at the expense of being prisoners.

It was just a fortnight before Cyril could put his foot to the ground, and then he had to walk very slowly, leaning all his weight on Grace.

'I say, you fellows!' said one of the boys as the two friends were walking round the playground, 'have you noticed how chummy Harry Grace has been with Cyril Mason since he has been laid up?'

But the other fellows never knew the reason of this, though it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

A Dog's Woodcraft.

(By L. O. Bates, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'I believe that boy has climbed every tree in the township, leastwise the worst ones,' said Mrs. Cornwiler.

'Deary me! I should be afraid he'd break his neck,' said Mrs. Millwaite.

'I don't see where he got it,' said Mrs. Cornwiler.

'He got it from you, that's plain,' said Mr. Cornwiler, boldly.

'From me! Why, just climbing a fence makes me almost dizzy!'

'Your father was a sailor,' said Mr. Cornwiler, 'and his father was a topman in the navy under old Commodore Preble. Tom's inherited their climb from you.'

'I suppose a sixteen-year-old boy is more trouble than a fourteen-year girl,' said Mrs. Millwaite. 'My Clara's a comfort.'

'Wherever Tom's wanted—' began Mrs. Cornwiler.

'A good strong boy's wanted pretty often in a new country,' interrupted her husband. 'Sometimes it gets tiresome to him.'

'Whenever Tom's wanted,' persisted Mrs. Cornwiler, 'he generally has to be found in a tree-top. It wears out his clothes dreadfully.'

'That is a bother,' said Mrs. Millwaite. 'Now Clara wears her dresses longer than any other school-girl of her age.'

While this discussion was going on indoors, Tom was going off outdoors. Mrs. Millwaite's visit gave him a chance to go fishing. He put a hook and line in his pocket, intending to cut a pole on the way, and trusting to find fat, white bait grubs in old logs. He owned a sharp one-hand hatchet, which he thrust into his buckskin belt.

A quarter of a mile from the river he came to a familiar tree-stub, it had been a forest giant, but some storm had broken off its top, leaving its great trunk thirty feet high. Forest fires had consumed the fallen top and deeply charred the huge trunk. Tom struck it with his hatchet-head, To his surprise it sounded hollow—a mere shell. He was immediately curious to know if it was hollow all the way up, and the only way to ascertain was to climb it.

A more uninviting stub to climb could not be found. It was very grimy, and too smooth and large to be clasped by either arms or legs; but Tom sought a thicket and cut the longest tough withe he could find. He wrapped this about the stub, and fastened its two ends securely to his belt with strips of strong bark, making a hoop somewhat larger than the tree. Leaning well back, he walked his moccasined toes right up, raising the hoop by quick jerks.

The tree was hollow. Tom sat on the edge, with his. feet dangling outside, as steady of nerve as if upon the ground. When his curiosity was satisfied he slipped off the hoop to retie it more to suit him. An incautious movement broke a bit of the edge and disturbed his balance. He made a violent move to recover himself. More edge crumbled inward, and down he went inside, head and heels together, like a shut jack-knife. One hand held to the hoop, pulling it after him. Head, back, hips and legs, scraped down the long tube, carrying fragments of rotten wood and a dusty cloud.

Tom struck on a deep, soft pile of debris, into which his doubled-up body plunged breast and knee-deep. The concussion shocked him breathless, and set his nose bleeding copiously, and the dust and blood hindered the recovery of his breath. Although he was not quite unconscious, it was long before he stirred. The back of his head had been severely raked, and rotten wood was ground into all his lacerations.

When at last he began to move he found himself wedged in. Vainly he wriggled; he could hardly stir, and could neither lift himself nor get his legs down. His hips, back, and all the muscles of his legs ached and pricked intolerably from strain and checked circulation.

He could not resist crying; but being a lad of good courage, endurance and resource, he soon began a systematic effort for release, packing the loose debris down as firmly as he could with his hands, at the same time pressing it away all around with his body. This exertion caused greater ache, but he persisted resolutely. By and by he got his hatchet out of his belt, and struck it, after a dozen efforts, so firmly into the wooden wall that he could hang his weight to it with one hand, while he worked the debris under him with the other. He gradually enlarged his space sufficiently to allow the bending of his knees. After that he was not long in getting his body up and feet down, so as to sit cramped on one hip, with both feet nearly level.

Exertion, pain, and the pressure of returning circulation made his pulses throb and his head swim, and he lapsed into semi-consciousness. How long this lasted he knew not, but when he began to struggle again he was in black darkness. A few stars shone calmly down his wooden well, but he could work only by feeling about with his hands. He felt exhausted, hungry and weak, but he kept on working until he managed to stand erect. Then, after feebly kicking and pushing debris to fill up the hole where he had been, he curled himself as comfortably as he could, and slept a blessed though troubled sleep.

He dreamed that he heard a rifle shot, and that Ban was barking excitedly and his father hallooing. But his sleep was so profound that a dream could not rouse him.

After a long time he stretched out. His sore heels hit one wall his sore head the other. This time the pain roused him to a renewed sense of his situation. He sat up, stiff, lame all over, weak, gnawed by hunger and thirst, but still undismayed and resourceful. A little thought and trial convinced him that weak and sore as he was, it would be a vain waste of strength to try to climb up the difficult inside of his prison.

'There's always more than one way to skin a cat,' he reflected. 'I've got to get out of this somehow; that's all there is to it.' He ran a thumb over the edge of his hatchet. 'Pretty sharp yet. Too light to chop easy, and no room to swing it, but it'll cut a hole, give it time.'

Scraping away the rotten wood, he selected a place where the wall seemed thin, and began hacking. Progress was slow. At first his stiff muscles and sore body hurt acutely, but this pain wore away as he went on. The wood, charred outside and very dry, was tough. Although it was a sunny day, and his eyes had adjusted their vision to the dimness of his pit, he could hardly see where to strike. He dared not pry out large slivers, for if edge or handle of his hatchet should break, he might never get out. His awkward position and the one-hand work tired him rapidly, and he suffered occasional cramps.

During one of his frequent rests he heard Ban barking loudly outside.

'Good dog! I'm coming!' he shouted.

The dog bayed frantically, leaped against the tree, scratched, whined, tore the wood with his teeth, and finally began digging furiously between two great roots, evidently intending to tunnel under to his young master.

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When Tom did not appear for supper, Mrs. Cornwiler began to fret, but not much, for he was often late. After supper, with no Tom to do the chores, Mr. Cornwiler grumbled, but did them himself, saying:

'Come, now, wife, the boy probably has a good excuse. He's pretty regular considering.'

By bedtime Mrs. Cornwiler was anxious.

'I'm sure he's lying hurt somewhere in the woods, fallen from a tree; or maybe he's got lost.'

'Pshaw, now, Edith! Tom couldn't lose himself anywhere in this county the darkest night that ever was; and he doesn't know how to fall from a tree. He'll be home all right pretty soon. Likely he's hindered by something he thinks important.'

At ten o'clock Mrs. Cornwiler was insistent, and Cornwiler, less confident, He proposed to take the dog and search.

'Maybe he's at one of the neighbors. He'd stay, of course, if he could be of any use. Anyhow, Ban'll track him. Blow the horn if he comes home while I'm gone.'

Ban, being told to 'Go find Tom!' set off joyfully, wagging his tail. He led Cornwiler straight to the charred stub, and barked, leaping against it. Cornwiler looked the stub all over. There were no signs of Tom. He called and fired his rifle. There was no reply. He supposed the stub solid, but thumped it. Unfortunately the blow struck where the stub was thick, and where Tom had packed the debris hardest inside. It sounded solid. Mr. Cornwiler thought that Ban had foolishly tracked a squirrel up it, or perhaps a coon had been there and gone. He dragged the dog away, ordering him again to 'Find Tom!' Ban instantly ran back to the stub, and whined and scratched, but Mr. Cornwiler pulled him away.

Ban then led into a thicket, and here were signs—a slender pole cut and trimmed, a bitternut sapling peeled of two strips of bark. Tom had been there. The sapling was slender for a fish-pole, but Mr. Cornwiler thought that must be it. The strips of bark meant strings, but what Tom wanted of strings he could not conjecture. Having concluded it meant fishing, he hurried to the river, his anxiety considerably increased. Tom was a strong, cool swimmer, and knew every foot of the river, There were few deep pools, and no real dangerous places.

Mr. Cornwiler searched a long time, but found no trace of Tom, and Ban seemed puzzled and not much interested. After midnight Cornwiler began a terribly anxious enquiry, rousing neighbor after neighbor.

No one had any tidings. Mr. Millwaite dressed, took his rifle, and accompanied Cornwiler. Mrs. Millwaite, notwithstanding her depreciation of Tom, went to cheer and comfort his mother all she could.

Millwaite suggested going first to the charred stub. 'You know Tom's been there,' he said, 'and it's the right point to start from.' As soon as they arrived Ban began whining and scratching about the stub. Cornwiler sternly ordered him off, and the poor dog, probably supposing it was all right, reluctantly obeyed. Both men believed the stub solid, and that Tom had merely come and gone. The news of the lost boy spread, and by sunrise a dozen men and boys were scouring the woods.

After getting breakfast and doing the housework, Clara Millwaite, who had been thinking, concluded that Tom must, after all, be at or near the charred stump. 'A dog never mistakes in such matters; men do,' the sensible girl reasoned. She would go and take a look for herself.

'If Tom is there, he'll be hungry and thirsty,' she thought, so she put a generous breakfast and a bottle of new milk into a bark basket.

Ban went home with Cornwiler and Millwaite, who wished to see if Tom had taken his fish-line. They found it gone, and their delusion as to the river was confirmed.

Thinking Ban of no service, Cornwiler left him at the house, and the dog immediately returned to the stub and resumed his barking. Clara heard him, and hurried to reach the spot and judge for herself of the dog's behaviour. She arrived just as Tom drove a long sliver through, and put out his fingers for Ban to lick.

In a few moments more he had the aperture sufficiently enlarged for Clara to pass in the bottle and slices of food. Tom drank first—a long thirsty pull. Then how he did eat! with the appetite of a starved wolf and the gratitude of a generous-minded boy. Clara bade him give her the hatchet and while he ate she hacked with the skill and strength of a pioneer girl. As the wall was now pierced, they could chop the edges of the shell and make faster progress. In half an hour Tom was able to squeeze through.

What an object he was! Bloody, grimy, and covered with rotten wood from head to heels. Even his hair was plastered with gore and dust. Clara gathered leaves and helped him to clean it off as well as he could, but it would require several severe scrubbings and a week's healing to make him presentable.

While they walked home she rallied him about his appearance, suggesting that half the township, especially the ladies, would be on hand to meet him. But Tom said he guessed that as long as she had seen him in this condition, he could stand being looked at by the other ladies.

As for Ban, he was so absorbed that evening with the unusually large bone given him that he quite failed to hear Mr. Cornwiler's compliment.

'I allow,' said Mr. Cornwiler, 'that when it comes to woodcraft, I haven't got half the sense of that dog.'

Sad Precocity.

The Bishop of London told a quaint story at a meeting at the Speaker's House, Westminster, the other day. A little East End girl was being examined upon the question of the Prodigal Son, he said. The teacher had got as far as the repentance of the prodigal and his eating of the swine husks, when she inquired, 'What else could he have done?' The child replied, 'He could have pawned his little girl's boots.'

A Malagasy Warrior.

People who have never lived in heathen lands have no idea how much they owe to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Once England was heathen, and our ancestors no better than the native of Madagascar whose photograph is printed below. He is a strong man, and thinks that he can make himself stronger by wearing charms tied about his head, his neck, arms, and body. In these he puts his trust, expecting them to render him bullet-proof and victorious.

Dressed up in these charms, and armed with guns and spears, he and his companions have been the terror of the border country

A MALAGASY WARRIOR.

of Imérina. They would come up suddenly some moonlight night and attack a village, setting fire to the thatched roofs, and shooting down the first men who ran out to try and protect their families. Then they would tie the women and children and the weakest of the men together by their necks, making them carry their own household goods, fowls, ducks, etc., in baskets on their heads. Gathering up all the cattle they could find, these robbers drove all in front of them—men, women, children, cows, and oxen—to be sold or killed, leaving a desolate heap of ruins where the smiling village had been. Well, now, that is heathenism—terror and misery on the one hand, cruelty and oppression on the other.

When God's messengers sow the seed of the Gospel in such a land, gradually the whole state of things is changed. The good get stronger and stronger, and the bad people get fewer and weaker. Those who hear about Jesus and believe in him become brave through trusting him. Those who lived by robbery begin to work instead of stealing; and, although some bad people still remain, the good ones who have learnt that God is their Father begin to help one another, and stand together to resist the wrong. And then these men who trusted in charms come to find out that their charms are really no good at all.

Already a great number have thrown the charms away, and have come to the missionaries or teachers to learn to follow him who is the true strength of those that put their trust in him. Thank God, that you belong to a Christian land, and ask him every day to send out more messengers of his Gospel to the heathen lands, where still there are so many thousands who have never heard his name!—'The Christian.'

Miss Martin's Legacy.

(By Willard N. Jenkins, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden. She owned a two-roomed cottage, and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. But when she was fifty, a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

'I don't think I need to keep it,' she said to herself. 'It doesn't cost me much to live, and with what I earn sewing I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square. I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor; and nice furniture, and two large oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet. And I'll give fifty dollars to the church,' she added by way of afterthought.

But why was it that just then she thought of the Dilling children—three in number—who on the morrow would be 'bound out' to live with any persons who might take the responsibility of caring for them?

About two years before Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs. Dilling had time to look about her after this blow, things were very discouraging, indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away; and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late; but in a few months her health failed and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged, after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: 'As long as I can work, they shall be kept together.'

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling. But now she was gone, something must be done. The Orphan's Home was discussed, but everybody knew how great had been Mrs. Dilling's dread of such institutions, and the idea was soon given up. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be 'bound out.'

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children, who were knit together by ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said, 'They must be provided with food and shelter in some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it.'

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

'It seems too bad for the children to be separated,' she mused, as she looked out of the window toward the Dilling house. 'I hope they'll be where they can see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought up.'

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over to the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of selling the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the 'binding out' of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and

at length a farmer who wanted a bound boy arrived. He had tried two already. One had run away after a few months, and the authorities had taken the other from him on account of cruel treatment.

Miss Martin shut her lips firmly together when she saw this man. Probably he would want Fred, who was eleven years old. It would be a shame to see so good a boy go to such a place.

She threw a shawl over her head and went to the door. Then she went back and sat down by the window.

'I could have a bed for him upstairs,' she thought. 'And he could split wood and bring water for me. I believe I'll go over, anyway.'

Farmer Burnham was talking very loudly to Fred when she went into the dark, gloomy kitchen. The boy's face was white, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked at Bessie, his sister.

'You can't have him,' said the little girl, choking back her sobs. 'He's all we got left, and we're going to keep him!'

'Ho! ho!' laughed Mr. Burnham. 'We'll see about that! The sooner we have the papers made out, the better, I reckon.' And he made his way toward Mr. Randall.

'Fred, would you rather come with me?'

It was Miss Martin's voice, and Fred grasped her hand eagerly, while his sister cried: 'Oh, do go with her, Fred!'

'I'd rather do it, Miss Martin, if you could get along with me,' said the boy, earnestly. 'I'd try hard to help what I could.'

Miss Martin's face lightened up as she listened. This was a new experience to her. Her life had been wholly centred upon her own interests. She could not help thinking of it even in the midst of this excitement. A new feeling swept over her. How selfish she had been! Would God forgive her?'

While these thoughts were passing through her mind she had been making her way toward Mr. Randall. Would she be too late? No; Mr. Burnham had been called in another direction. She pulled the poormaster's sleeve and whispered hurriedly:

'I'll take Fred.'

'All right,' he replied, and the deed was done.

The proprietor of the village hotel was talking to Bessie.

'Don't you want to go and live with me at the hotel?'

'No, I don't. I want my own home, and that is all.'

'But, child, you can't stay here; the house is all empty, and you've got to go.'

Miss Martin's eyes flashed. The idea of that sweet girl going to such a place! Never!

'I'll take Bessie, too,' she said, and Mr. Randall gladly agreed.

'I can have a bedroom and a tiny kitchen added to my house instead of a parlor,' thought Miss Martin, 'and take the old kitchen for a living room. I don't really need a parlor, anyway.'

And now what about little Ray? There he sat, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around him, printing some words on a piece of card-board. Ray was only seven years old. He would need care for a long time, perhaps all his life, for he was not strong in body. He was fond of books and flowers, and shy and reticent. He held the cardboard up at length and looked at the words he had printed. They were: 'Trust in the Lord.'

Nobody wanted Ray. He could not be of much use anywhere, and it was decided that he must go to the county farm.

'I'll take him home with me to-night,' said Mr. Randall, 'and send him away to-morrow morning.'

Sitting around Miss Martin's table at supper that night very little was said. Fred had filled the wood-box, brought water, and made himself useful in various ways; but now he was thinking of his little brother. Bessie could hardly keep back the tears.

Miss Martin could not help noticing the children's sad faces, and altogether it was not a cheerful company.

As they rose from the table there was a knock at the door, and Miss Martin opened it to confront Mr. Randall.

'Is Ray here?' he asked.

'Why, no.'

'Well, he's a queer boy! I don't know where he is. I had some other business to attend to, and now I can't find him.'

'Is the Dilling house locked?'

'No; there's no use in locking it, it's empty.'

'You stay here, children,' said Miss Martin, kindly. 'I'll be back in a few moments.'

Then she slipped over to the little old house, and, as quietly as she could, peered into every room. There, in the half-twilight, she found Ray at last, half-lying, half-kneeling on the bare floor, in the little room where he used to sleep. In his arms was the cardboard on which he had printed, 'Trust in the Lord.'

The boy was talking, and she listened:

'Ray is poor and all alone, dear Lord! He's lonesome here to-night; it don't seem like home to him. Take care of Ray and help him. And bless dear Miss Martin for taking Fred and Bessie. She's good, and will make them happy.'

Miss Martin could hear no more. 'I never could dress in silk and know that this poor boy was away from his brother and sister,' she thought. 'O, Lord, forgive me for thinking so much of my own desires! I'll try to use my legacy in a way that will be pleasing to thee.'

Then she stepped forward and touched the boy gently on the shoulder. He started nervously, but when he saw who it was, smiled through his tears.

'Come home with me, Ray,' she said tenderly, 'and the Lord will take care of you and of all of us.'

A Lesson in Adaptability.

(By Hope Daring, in 'The Standard.')

'You are a square peg in a round hole, Paul. That is all.'

'Or a round peg in a square hole, Aunt Mary.'

'No, no. You are square. Perhaps your New England ancestors are responsible for your angles, but the angles are real.'

'Well, Exter is apparently a good place for wearing them off.'

Mrs. Skinner shook her head. 'You refuse to be worn smooth, Paul. I am sorry, my boy. God's work is here.'

She went out of the door, closing it softly behind her. Paul Dutton rose from the table where he had been preparing his next Sunday's sermon and began pacing restlessly back and forth across his little study. He was a New Englander and a graduate of Harvard College. Soon after his graduation he married and was located as a pastor in a pleasant Connecticut town.

Four happy years went by. Then his loving wife went home to God, leaving him a little son of three. That was a year before. Every day spent among familiar scenes increased Paul's loneliness. At last he resigned and came to Exter, a lumbering town in northern Wisconsin. With him to the new home went his widowed aunt and little Harold. Under 'Aunt Mary's' skilful fingers the bare parsonage became a cheerful home. Exter had but one church. Paul's congregation was composed almost exclusively of women of the town. Occasionally a few of the younger men came to hear him preach, but rather to stare and scoff than to worship. On the other hand the town contained three saloons. The air was heavy with oaths. Sunday was given to prize fighting and noisy games. And these were the people over whom Paul Dutton, with his refined, scholarly tastes, had spiritual leadership.

His step quickened. Suddenly he halted before a window and rolling the shade high, stood looking out over the village. It was early autumn. In the forest off to the right vivid shades of red and gold contrasted with the dusky green of pines and cedars. The little town lay spread out before him, a scene of bustling activity. It was crude and new, the streets irregular, and the houses small and unpainted. A black pall, the smoke from the many mills, floated slowly off to the northward.

Paul turned away. 'I am not fitted for missionary work. Yet were these men heathens and had they never heard of the God whose name they hourly profane—then I would tell them of his mercy. As it is——'

He broke off abruptly and sat down at the table. His sermon lay before him, a scholarly treatise on law and the results of its transgressions. The delight of the student drove from Paul's face the frown which had so long rested there.

'It is nearly done. Just a little more work on that exposition of spiritual law, and it is complete. Yet how many who hear it will understand or care to do so? Well, I will not lower my standard. It is my duty to give them my best.'

Two hours later the sermon was done. Paul walked down to the post-office, and Harold accompanied him. The child was a pretty little fellow with laughing blue eyes and yellow curls.

'See Bobbie, papa! Good Bobbie!' Harold cried, dropping his fathers' hand and rushing forward to greet a boy of about his own age who was coming from the opposite direction.

This child was ragged and dirty. He was accompanied by a man who was still more ragged and dirty. Paul recognized the man as Jim Pratt, a laborer, whose home was near the parsonage.

'Good evenin', parson,' Pratt said. 'These little chaps of our'n seem to hit it off well together.'

Paul put out his hand as if to draw his son back. Pratt did not notice this, but went on:

'Bobbie, he's a cute one. His mother's ben dead most a year, and the kid takes care of himself when I'm in the woods. Jest runs round town and ——'

'Such neglect is criminal,' the minister interrupted severely. 'You should hire some good woman to care for him.'

Jim's face darkened. 'I'd like to know where the money'd come from. Here, Bobbie, you come along. You'll spoil that kid's good clothes or his manners.'

Harold looked wistfully after Bobbie and his father. 'I like Bobbie, papa.'

Paul hurried on, thinking he must bid Aunt Mary see that the children were kept apart. The minister was too preoccupied to notice the children playing in the street. Neither did the men and women he passed regard him with reverence; he was something apart from their daily life.

Sunday morning he preached about law and transgression. His language was fine, but there was no word of pity, no message of God's love for the sad-eyed, heavy-burdened women. Outside the church men and

boys were playing ball, and their oaths rang out clearly on the crisp autumnal air. The crowd round the game outnumbered the congregation four to one.

The gulf between pastor and people widened. The men sneered at Paul's white hands, his fine clothes, correct speech, and what they called his 'airs.' The Sabbath-breaking, drinking, swearing and carousing went on. Shut up among his well-loved books, Paul prepared his sermons. When these were delivered he thought his duty done. That was all. No, not all. Notwithstanding the vigilance of Paul, Aunt Mary and the maid Gretchen, the friendship between Harold and Bobby grew.

One November morning the congregation waiting for Paul was smaller than usual. It was a dull, gray morning, the sky overcast and the east wind piercing. As yet there was no snow, but while walking along Paul heard one man say to another with an oath :

'There'll be sleighing to-morrow.'

The sermon was learned and logical. Paul Dutton went on to the end. With the customary prayer, hymn and benediction the service closed.

No sooner was the outer door opened than it was evident that there was some unusual commotion in the town. Men were gathered in groups, and there was much excited talking.

'Jim Pratt's kid is lost,' a boy announced, entering the church. 'His father has looked all over town, and he hain't here . Jim says he must have strayed off in the woods.'

Every one who heard these words understood their dread import. A child lost in the forest and a storm rising !

Paul laid down his books and hurried down the street. Mrs. Skinner had had a headache that morning, so she and Harold had remained at home. However, Paul did not go to the parsonage. Instead he joined the largest group of men and began asking quick, breathless questions concerning Bobbie's disappearance.

He was interrupted by Jim Pratt, who staggered up, his unshaven face ashen and drawn with pain.

'Lost in the woods ! My little boy ! Only four hours of daylight, and a storm comin' up. And I told Callie when she was dyin' that I'd take good care of Bobbie. My God ! Parson, can't you pray ?'

One moment's silence. Then Paul Dutton spoke, and there was a new note of sympathetic brotherliness in his voice: 'Yes, my friend, I am praying. But I can work, too. There is no time to be lost.'

The men were accustomed to the life of the frontier, yet Paul became their leader. A searching party was organized, the district round the town divided, and signals agreed upon. As they were about to start a man plucked Paul's sleeve.

'You hain't had your dinner, parson.'

'Dinner ! Is this a time for men to think of eating? If it was my boy, would I wait for dinner ?'

Those rough men drew long breaths. After all, the minister was a father and a fellow man. He proved another revelation as the slow hours wore by. He was brother to that sorrowing father.

Pratt and Paul walked together. Overhead the clouds grew denser, and the air seemed laden. Now and then a snowflake floated down, while the wind penetrated the thick clothing of the men. They filed along through the forest. The pine and spruce trees shut out the light, but with them grew oaks, maples and birches, and their branches were bare. Dead leaves crackled under foot. Few words were spoken. They were intent on seeing and hearing.

The light began to fade. The snow was falling steadily. There had been no signals from the other divisions of the party, and the line of men drew together for a moment's consultation.

Jim Pratt sank to the ground, a groan breaking from his lips. 'He will be frozen to death in a few hours. I'll put a bullet through my own head if——'

'Hush !' It was Paul who spoke. 'Keep up courage, my friend. God is good. Bobbie is in his hands. Again I say, God is good.'

There was no dissenting voice. Paul uncovered his head and stood with his face upturned to the falling snow. The hearts of the men thrilled with a sudden realization that they stood face to face with a living faith.

'What's this ?' and Dave Cook picked up an object that lay at his feet. 'It's a little rubber, and there is snow under it. Boys, we're on the trail.'

But Jim Pratt turned away. ''Taint Bobbie's. He wore boots.'

Paul Dutton stepped forward. His face gleamed deathly white in the twilight. 'It is Harold's. See, here are his initials he coaxed me to put on the inside.'

There was a moment's silence. Then Paul spoke again.

'God is good. Let us press forward.'

They went on. Each moment was precious, yet care must be taken that no trace was overlooked.

Suddenly a cry rang out. All rushed toward Jim Pratt, who had lifted the low-growing, drooping branches of a larch.

Under the branches, on a bed of dry leaves, lay Harold and Bobbie. They were clasped in each other's arms and fast asleep. It was light enough so that they could see Bobbie had removed his ragged jacket and spread it over Harold.

'Let us pray,' and at the minister's words each man of the little party dropped upon his knees. Some of them had last knelt at their mothers' side in far-away childhood, some had never before knelt, yet in that hour all gave thanks unto God for his goodness.

'I knowed you'd come, daddy,' Bobbie murmured as his father tenderly lifted him in his arms. 'Harold asked the Jesus man to send you.'

Through darkness and storm they made their way back to the village, their hearts strangely tender one to another. They were brothers.

Harold's presence in the forest was easily explained. Gretchen had been promised the privilege of taking him with her when she went to spend the day with her widowed mother, and Mrs. Skinner supposed he had gone. When Gretchen was ready to start she could not find Harold, and concluded his father had taken him to church. Thus the child had not been missed. Bobbie had coaxed Harold to go with him to hunt bears. They had lost their way and had wandered about all day.

The next Sunday morning the church was packed. Paul's text was : 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,' and the hearts of his hearers were stirred as he—that father and brother—told of God's love and compassion. The sermon had been preceded by a week's intercourse and fellowship with his people.

The harvest was ready for the reapers. Paul Dutton's work was at his hand, and he did it 'as unto the Lord.'

Five years have gone by. Paul is still at Exter. Jim Pratt is a faithful Christian. The town has lost many of its olden evils. Together Paul and his church are working for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

Two Great Journals.

'World Wide,' a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres, and 'Weekly Witness,' pre-eminently the family newspaper of Canada, publishing all the news that is worthy the attention of the general reader. Both to January 1, 1902, for twenty-five cents. For Montreal and suburbs or Great Britain, postage extra.

To state that alcohol in any quantity is safe is a woeful misinterpretation. No one can yet state at what point the secondary injurious effect begins, and no one can state what is a small and what is a large dose.—Prof. H. W. Conn, Wesleyan University.

World Wide.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of last week's issue of 'World Wide.'

All the World Over.

The Failure in Great Men—'Saturday Review,' London.
On Ignorance—Caliban, in 'The Speaker,' London.
My First Morning at a Persian Court—Wilfrid Sparroy in 'Fortnightly Review.'—Condensed.
The Condition of Malta—'Westminster Budget.'
Dutch Conservative Reforms—New York 'Tribune.'
Boer Proclamation—'Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant.'
These are Words of Life—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Female Anarchists—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Paramount Duty—New York 'Times.'
The Rumors as to Lord Salisbury's Resignation—The Spectator, London.
Mr. Dooley on Exhibitions—Condensed from 'The Cosmopolitan.'
The Negro and the Alligator—From 'In a Mangrove Swamp,' 'Cornhill Magazine.'
The Future of the Negro from the Standpoint of the Southern Physician—By Seale Harris, M.D. Condensed from 'American Medicine.'
Cricket Over!—'Punch.'

Something About the Arts.

The Restoration of Leonardo's Masterpiece—New York 'Times.'
Photography and Atmosphere—'Amateur Photographer.'
William Sterndale Bennett's Career as a Musician—From 'Pianists of the Past,' by the late Charles Salaman in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

Concerning Things Literary.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves—By William Wordsworth.
Back from the War—Verse, 'Daily News,' London.
A Jester's Song—Verse, 'The Academy,' London.
The English of the Aristocracy—New York 'Sun.'
Where Time is as Nothing—'Saturday Review.'
The Ants and the Flowers—From 'Ainslee's.'
The Mystery of the Mystics—G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London
New Testament Criticism and the Faith—IV.—Canon Charles Gore, in 'The Pilot,' London.

Hints of the Progress of Knowledge.

Earth Currents—'Engineering.'
Professor Koch's Theory—London 'Times.'
Some Chemical Mysteries—'Scientific American.'
German Chemists—'Westminster Budget.'
About Bananas—Boston 'Transcript.'
The Origin and Habits of the Bactrian Camel—'Natur
Expensive Sport—'Tit Bits,' London.
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Joss, the Fisherman, and his Boat, the 'Betsy Jane.'

On a beautiful morning in the month of July, a gentleman named Leslie, walked down from the village inn at Dysart, where he had spent the night, and began to stroll along the firm, damp sands, left by the tide, at the same time enjoying the fresh coolness of the morning air. After a time, however, he seemed to grow weary of walking, for he sat down on the edge of a small fishing-boat, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket began to read the news of the day.

THE 'BETSY JANE' IS A GOOD BOAT, SIR, IF SO BE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE A SAIL.

Presently a fisherman came along, and at once took a good look at the gentleman, whom he soon saw was a stranger in the little village of Dysart. 'Good morning, sir,' he said, as he touched his cap. 'Perhaps you would like a sail? That is my boat you are a-leaning on just now, and I would feel proud and happy to row you out to sea for a mile or two. The 'Betsy Jane' is a good boat, sir, if so be that you would like a sail?'

'Well, no,' said Mr. Leslie, 'I don't want a boat this morning, but I think, perhaps, you could help me in another way. I want to get comfortable apartments for my wife and children, who are coming here for sea-bathing. Now, could you tell me of pleasant rooms not far from the sea?'

This the fisherman was happy to do. He took the stranger to the house of a widow, whose rooms were thought the best in the village, and very soon the matter was arranged, the rooms were taken, and two days afterwards Mrs. Leslie and her little boy and girl arrived. These children, Arthur and Winnie, had never lived near the sea before—indeed, at first they were half afraid of it, when they saw the waves rolling in; but very soon they grew quite brave, and loved to run down after the waves, as though they would try to catch them. But these children never liked the sea bathing—it seemed so terrible to them when mother ducked them quite down under the water—still, it was good for them, and so they had to get used to it.

But there was one thing which they liked very much indeed. This was to go out with Joss, the fisherman, and sail about the bay in the 'Betsy Jane.' Of course, their father or their mother went with them, and enjoyed the sail quite as much as the children did.

One day they had a special treat—Joss brought with him a couple of fishing lines, one for Arthur and the other for Winnie. These were deep-sea lines, and they were baited with mussels. When the children threw the line overboard, (of course, holding one end firmly in their hands), away went the other end of the line to the bottom of the sea, where the fish generally lie. Soon Arthur felt his line give a jerk.

'I've caught a fish!' he cried. 'Oh, father, help me to pull up the line!'

Then Winnie cried, 'My line is jerking too! Joss, won't you help me pull it up?'

Well, children, it was quite true: Arthur had indeed caught a haddock, and Winnie had caught a pretty little whiting. Oh, how proud they were! But when the fish were cooked for dinner, I cannot tell you how pleased they were, and how they begged of Joss to take them fishing once more.

Oh, these were indeed happy days! But after a whole month of holidays the children were taken home. But, oh, dear me! when they saw Joss for the last time they felt ready to cry.

But mother said kindly, 'Don't cry, my darlings; father means to bring you here again next holiday time, and Joss will take you out in his boat again.'—'The Prize.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Camerons' Holidays.

(By Fred M. Colpitts.)

The Cameron children had come from the big, hustling city to visit their uncle, aunt and five cousins. They had never been out so far in the country before, and they had a delightful time. There were four of them—Minnie, Dick, Bessie and Hal; and their cousins, Joe, Fred, Mabel, Annie and Bill thought them the best of cousins. The birds, fish and flowers were never so plentiful before, and many fish did they catch, many birds' nests did they find, and many flowers did they pick.

But the best fun of all was to pick strawberries, raspberries and blueberries.

Just before they went back to the city in September, they had quite an adventure.

Uncle Manning's biggest orchard was a mile and a half from the house, around the road ; but across the fields it was only a mile. This morning Joe said, 'Pa, may we go over to the big orchard to see if any of the early apples are ripe?"

'Yes, Joe, you all may go; but be sure not to go near the river for it is not safe,' said Uncle Manning.

'Then good-bye; we'll be back by noon,' they all said as they ran off. They went about a quarter of a mile by the road, then they climbed over the road fence, for Joe said, 'We'll get there sooner if we go across the fields.' Before they started Uncle Manning had forgotten to tell them that Henry Black's ugly black ram was in the largest field through which they must pass, and none of them knew it. They were having great fun, cutting off the heads of buttercups and daisies with switches and telling each other funny stories.

'Oh, boys, what's that black thing ? It's a bear, and it'll be after us—run! run! run!' suddenly shouted Hal, who was quite a piece behind. They all turned at once, and saw Mr. Sheep feeding near the bushes by the fence. He did not look up. Fred said, 'We'd better run back to the road fence, for if he sees us he'll be after us.'

So they all started to run as fast as they could for the fence; but they had hardly got started when Joe shouted, 'Arm yourselves with sticks, for here comes the ram,' and when they glanced behind, while grabbing for sticks, sure enough he was coming as fast as his legs could carry him. He was a fierce looking object with his tail and horns swinging in the air. They did not look around again (for they did not dare) till a loud bleat was heard, close at their heels. They turned quickly, and came face to face with Mr. Ram. He had his head down, and was just charging at Hal, for he was the smallest, when Joe gave him a blow across the head with his stick; and this was followed by another from Fred, and then another from Dick.

The ram didn't seem to mind this, but became all the more fierce; and with a loud bleat again charged at Hal. Joe and Fred each gave him another blow across the head. This seemed to make his head ache, but it ached worse when Dick and Bill followed with their blows; so he retired discomfited, at least for the time. Keeping their cudgels, the children hastened toward the fence, and were about to reach it when Mr. Ram made another assault, but they were in the road before he could catch up to them.

Thinking they would be late for dinner, they put off going to the orchard until the afternoon.

The poor old ram had learned a good lesson, for he never attacked anybody after that.

They found a good lot of apples, and the next few days they picked hazel-nuts. They were sorry to leave for the city, but school had already begun, and they had to go; but Uncle Manning told them to be sure and come at Christmas to spend two or three weeks.

Tom, the Chemist's Boy.

Hot, panting, red in the face, Tom hurried into the chemist's shop, which stood at the corner of the village street. Tom's progress had not been altogether a snail's pace; but it might have been, by the time occupied in his errand. Mr. Jones, the chemist, had been an unperceived witness of Tom's progress, of his long chase after a butterfly, ending in a tumble amongst the stinging nettles. So that it was with some surprise he heard Tom's request that he would make up this prescription at once, for 'father's very bad, and mother says he must have the medicine immediately.' The chemist arched his eyebrows and screwed up his mouth in a peculiar way, which showed, if it didn't say, 'Oh !'

Now, Mr. Jones knew Tom to be a loiterer; that this otherwise good boy was being spoiled by this and a few other failings. So he determined to point the fault out to Tom. But how to begin he didn't know.

While the chemist mixed the medicine, Tom, having nothing particular to do, used his senses. One of these was his sense of smell, Lifting his little nose in the air, he sniffed around until it seemed to tell him there was something wrong here.

'I say, Mr. Jones, what a nasty smell there is.'

'Ah! so you have found that out. have you?'

Now here was the chemist's opportunity. So, lifting down from a shelf one of the jars, he raised the lid, and told Tom to take a good sniff. Tom did so, but soon withdrew his nose, saying, 'Phew! what a smell!'

'Yes, Tom, it does smell. A careless boy left the lid off, and something got in which has spoilt the lot; and now, what should be for healing is good for nothing. It was only a little thing that began it; now all is smelling. It was a little carelessness which wrecked that ship on our rocks the other day.'

'Tom,' said the chemist, handing him the bottle of medicine, and going to the door with him, 'I watched a boy chase a butterfly and fall among the nettles just now. Do you know him ? Look at that clock; he took half an hour to go a distance which ought not to have taken five minutes. His father is very bad, and may die for want of the medicine he needs. Now, Tom, some little flies are spoiling your ointment. You are a bit selfish and don't mind mother. When you get home get your Bible and see what it says in Ecclesiastes x., 1. And, Tom, by and by I shall want a boy who is punctual, industrious, willing, and obedient. I should like you to be that boy.'

Tom went home and read, 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour.' In six months he had won for himself a better name, and was the chemist's boy.—'Our Boys and Girls.'

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 20.

Joseph Exalted.

Genesis xli., 38-49. Memory verses 39-41. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'Them that honor me I will honor.'—I. Sam. ii., 30.

Lesson Text.

(38) And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? (39) And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: (40) Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. (41) And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. (42) And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; (43) And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. (44) And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. (45) And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnathpaaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt. (46) And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. (47) And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. (48) And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. (49) And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

Suggestions.

'After thirty long years,' Joseph (who dreamed ambitious dreams and told them to his brethren and to his father, and got hated by the former and rebuked by the latter for his presumption and vanity) now finds himself on the eve of being exalted to a position in which his brothers, and even his father, should bow before him. Could this all have come about without that long discipline of waiting, suffering and training? Joseph was wise and discreet because the Spirit of God was in him, but that wisdom and discretion was tested in Potiphar's house, ay, and in the prison, during which time he had 'kept the faith,' and 'endured hardness as a good soldier.' If there came a thought to Joseph concerning the sneers of his brethren when they said 'we shall see what will become of his dreams,' it does not appear; but I feel sure that such thoughts did come to him, not to exalt him overmuch (he had suffered too much for that), but to fill him with devout thankfulness to God who had kept him. Suppose he had yielded to Potiphar's wife; suppose he had turned morbid and sour in the prison, and said to himself, 'I have been honest and faithful, and all God has given me is slander, reproach and degradation; I will not serve God who thus deserts the righteous and lets the wicked go free,'—Joseph would never have been where he is now. Suppose, even, the butler had secured his freedom according to promise, he might only have been sold to some other master, or at best gone home to suffer and die with the rest of his family in the famine which came on all the world. Surely it pays to wait patiently for God to move. I think we must learn that it is only necessary for us to be true to God in the place where we are, doing with our might what our hands find to do, and God, whose thoughts for us are 'thoughts of peace and not of evil' will give us the expected end.'—Dr. Pentecost.

It was foretold of the apostle Paul that he should bear the name of the Lord before princes and kings. Little did he know at the time of his calling through what trials and sufferings he would have to go to fulfill his high mission. In like manner Joseph, to whom had been given such visions of coming greatness, dreamed nothing of the slavery, temptations and imprisonment through which he was to gain the promised height. Yet through each new trial he fought his way trusting in God for strength and purity for each day and keeping bright his faith in the future. God was just as well pleased with Joseph when he allowed him to be put in prison as when he allowed him to be made a ruler in Egypt. And Joseph was as humble in the palace as he had been in prison.

'When Joseph interpreted the dreams of the chief butler and baker in prison, he intreated the former to remember him when he got back to court and to secure his release, But the chief butler, after promising, forgot all about Joseph. God allowed him to forget because it was not yet the right time for Joseph to be taken out of prison. God is never in a hurry, an oak tree does not spring up in a single day; it takes long years for the trees to grow, noble and strong and worthy—it takes long years to form a strong character, noble and worthy and grand. The ship which is to be entrusted with precious human freight must be tested and tried before it can be pronounced sea-worthy. So the character which is to hold a responsible place in the caring for and shaping of other lives has to be tested and tried in many ways before it can be useful in the hands of God.

Two years after the interpretations of the dreams in prison, Joseph was called into court to interpret a dream which had troubled the king and baffled all the wise men and philosophers of the court. The chief butler at last remembered and told the King that in the prison there was a young Hebrew slave who could tell dreams truly. They sent for Joseph, Pharaoh told him his dream and asked if he could interpret it. Joseph determined to give the honor to God even if the King should slay him for declaring his dependance on the true God. Joseph replied that only Jehovah could make known the meaning of Pharaoh's dreams. Then Pharaoh told Joseph that he had dreamed first that he stood by the banks of the Nile and saw seven sleek fat cows coming from the river and feeding in the meadows, then came seven very lean and poor cows who ate up the seven fat cows and yet were no fatter themselves. He dreamed again and this time saw seven full good ears of corn came up on one stalk, then came seven thin, worthless ears and devoured the seven good ones.

Joseph replied that the two dreams both signified the same thing, namely that there were about to be seven years of great plenty succeeded by seven years of fierce famine. Joseph counselled Pharaoh to appoint officers to gather up and store the surplus grain of each good year and to have it to sell to the people in the days of famine. The plan commended itself to Pharaoh and to all his courtiers, and they saw that as Joseph evidently spoke by the Spirit of God he would be a godly and trustworthy man to oversee the buying up and storing of the grain through the next seven years. Pharaoh raised Joseph into great eminence and made him the second ruler of the kingdom and gave him the name Zaphnath-paaneah, which scholars tell us means Saviour of the world. Joseph married Asenath, probably a princess, and two sons, named Manasseh and Ephraim, gladdened their home while the years of plenty still lasted. Joseph worked hard during those seven years, and when the famine came he had enough grain not only to feed the Egyptians but to sell to the other nations.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 20.—Topic.—A bad bargain. —Gen. 25: 29-34.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SELF-CONTROL.

Mon., Oct. 14.—Be slow to speak.—Prov. xxix., 20.

Tues., Oct. 15.—Stirring up strife.—Prov. xv., 18.

Wed., Oct. 16.—Coals of fire.—Rom. xii., 20.

Thu., Oct. 17.—The idle-word account.—Matt. xii., 36.

Fri., Oct. 18.—Jesus' self-control.—John xviii., 22-23.

Sat., Oct. 19.—Ruling the spirit.—Prov. xvi., 32.

Sun., Oct. 20.—Topic.—Keeping one's temper.—Matt. v., 21-26; Prov. xv., 1.

Absolutely Necessary to Success.

('North Western Advocate.')

Whether the appetite for drink is hereditary or not, society and the church in particular in this age owe it as a duty to children to teach them the importance—indeed, the absolute necessity to their own success in life—of being total abstainers from intoxicating drink. The industrial conditions are becoming so strenuous and business is becoming so concentrated into large establishments, that employers, from a purely selfish point of view, are demanding that the habits of their employees shall be of such a character as to result in the highest economic efficiency. Many employers now refuse to employ men who drink, not because they are opposed to the use of liquor, for many use it themselves, but because its effect upon the character of the work performed by drinking men is such that it reduces the value of their labor and increases the cost of production. Competition compels them to take account of this fact, as well as of the question of the selling price of the product.

There is scarcely one of the million employees on the railways of the United States who is permitted to use liquor during working hours, and in many departments of railway service employees are not permitted to use liquor under any circumstances or at any time whatever. If known to use liquor, the fact results in their immediate discharge. The same scrutiny of the habits of employees is being made by employers in all lines of business. Business men generally are requiring bonds from employees, and this is exacted from all grades, from bank presidents to cash girls. So important is the character of employees that, in many establishments, the proprietors themselves pay for the bond, the advantage being to them in the protection afforded by a better class of employees. The bond company mercilessly inquires into the history and habits of every applicant for a bond, and neither personal influence, social standing nor individual wealth has weight in its decision.

Among the questions asked concerning every applicant for a bond is: 'Is he of sober and correct habits?' While for some positions the moderate use of liquor may not exclude one from securing a bond, it very seriously affects the applicant and for some positions the bond company will not grant a bond if the applicant uses liquor at any time and always reserves to itself the right to cancel the bond if in its judgment the habits of the person justify it in so doing. Many young men have failed to secure a bond because they began to use liquor in boyhood and consequently failed to secure positions which otherwise would have been open to them.

The use of liquors will count against young men and even young women, in the future more than in the past, for, as business becomes more concentrated and the number of employees under one management increases, the number of bonded employees will increase. It can readily be seen that this requirement will diminish the sale of liquor, but it is due to the boys and girls (for there seems to be an increasing number of women who drink) that they be clearly taught habits of total abstinence, so that the doors of opportunity may not be closed to them in the future. We believe that in every Sunday-school, Epworth league and Junior league, as well as from every pulpit of our churches, this important fact should be persistently presented to young people and they be led in every way possible to form habits of total abstinence.

Not only will such education of boys and girls be a protection to them in their future life employment, but the education of a generation or two in temperance sentiment will be necessary before we can hope for the overthrow of the liquor traffic in this country. Such education of the youth will prepare them for the struggle which is certain to come for the preservation of the nation as against the selfish interests of the liquor power. What the outcome of that struggle will be we have no doubt. Indeed, we believe that the end of the liquor traffic is nearer at hand than even many of the friends of temperance believe.

A Converted Grip.

A commercial traveller of our acquaintance was converted about a year ago. He had been a man of the world. Not a hard drinker, yet he frequently took a glass with a customer to seal a sale. And sometimes he took a glass without a sale, or a customer either. He was not a gambler, yet he always carried a pack of cards in a certain corner of his grip. But through a good wife's prayers and solicitations he was converted. Then came the test of the first trip out.

It is a common saying among commercial men that 'when you are in Rome you must do as Romans do.' They declare that you can not sell goods without taking a drink with the customer who drinks, or without passing over the cigars for the customer who smokes—and most of them do.

Our friend had said these things so often himself that he almost believed them, but he packed his grip with a firm resolve. He took the train with a prayer upon his lips. The first town he 'made' knew that something had happened. When he opened his grip there was no pipe there. There were no cigars. There was no flask of liquor. And in the corner, where the well-worn deck of cards always lay, there was a small Bible.

The grip had met with a change of heart! The first customer laughed. 'Ha, ha! good joke! capital!' roared he. The second customer whistled and looked quizzically at the drummer. The third customer said: 'Why, my dear fellow, what's up? Haven't turned preacher, have you?' But our friend met them all alike. Pleasantly, but earnestly, he spoke it right out: 'Boys, I've turned around!' The fourth customer was a Christian man. He looked the drummer in the eye without saying a word and pointed to the Bible. The converted man said, slowly, but positively: 'I mean it.' The tears sprang to the customer's eyes in a flash, and the two men grasped hands with the warmth and tenderness of friends meeting in a strange land.

Everybody found it out. They talked of it all along the road. Everybody who knew the young fellow knew that something had happened—something wonderful. The converted grip told the story. And then he backed up its testimony with his own.

Hard! Well, yes, at first. But it is not so now. He cut a clean swath the first trip, and it has been easy ever since. And the brother knights of the grip profoundly respected him for it. 'The fellow is in earnest,' they say, 'and lives up to his principles; we believe in that.'—'Epworth Herald.'

King Bacchus and his Prime Minister.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson at a Band of Hope meeting said 'Bacchus was the king of this country (Great Britain) and the brewer was his Prime Minister, and they had a lot of fellows going up and down the streets roaring "Britons never shall be slaves," though they are the slaves of the liquor power and send to Parliament anybody whom the liquor power tells them to send there. Well, after all these years of temperance work it was rather depressing, no doubt; but they all knew it was hard to twist and turn people who had grown up on one line. There was a saying that there was no fool like an old fool; he felt the truth of that as he got on. (Laughter.) But what did the Band of Hope do? It realized the difficulty, and it left the older people to be looked after by other organizations, and said it would do what it could to train up the children so that when they grew up they would set themselves and their country free from this curse. He remembered reading that in the days of the French Revolution in one of the French towns a lot of children used to go about waving a revolutionary banner and saying, "Tremble, tyrants; We are growing up!" That was what they wanted the children to say, "Tremble brewers. We are growing up!" Ah, ah! they were trembling already. What did one of their great men say at a meeting not long since? Speaking of the bill to prevent children being served with liquor in the public houses, he said: "This will never do. They are destroying our future customers." Ah! he often thought how much better the liquor men understood the temperance question than we do. The liquor men were right, for the Band of Hope wanted to teach the children to boycott the publicans. They must do something of that sort, for the publicans would not go on strike on their own accord. They heard of all kinds of strikes, but they never heard of a strike of the liquor men. If they would only go on strike for a month there would be a sort of temporary millennium.'

Not Another Cent.

A mechanic about thirty years of age, having a wife and four children, was wont to step into a beer-saloon close by twice a day and pay five cents each for two glasses of beer. For many months he did this, under the impression that it was necessary for a hard working man. But one day, while toiling at his bench, a new and better idea took possession of his mind.

'I am poor,' he said within himself; 'my family needs every cent I earn; it is growing more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see—that is sixty cents a week, even if I drink no beer on Sunday. Sixty cents a week! That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year! And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see,' and here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. 'I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum.' Pausing a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of him, he then exclaimed, 'I will never waste another cent on beer!' And he never has.

Correspondence

Glen Colin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Brighty. I have three cats. Their names are Beauty, Daisy, and Tommy. I have a dog named Sport. He will get the cows for me. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Thomas. My sister plays the organ for Sunday-school and church. I wonder if any little girl has the same birthday as mine, Nov. 15. I am eight years old.

FERN W.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter in the 'Messenger' and was very much pleased. I have started to go to school now. I like it very much. We had our fair here for two days; the first day was the children's day, so I went, I got in for five cents. I saw the show and it was very nice; my two little sisters went too. I will tell them to write to you. I enjoy writing very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Coyne.

ETHEL R.

Murray River.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and six brothers living and two dead. I am a member of the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. The Rev. Mr. Carter is the teacher of the class that I am in. I stayed at Mr. Carter's last winter; they are so kind; they have four dear little children, the oldest girl went to school with me. We had a very interesting Sunday-school Association; there were four ministers present. My birthday is on July 3.

MARY G. (Aged 11).

Whitevale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but I have never seen one from Whitevale. This is a very pretty village and is situated between two hills. I am eleven years old and I am in the junior class at school and my teacher's name is Mr. Noble. I have nearly a mile to go. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' it is a very nice paper. I have a little sister three years old; her name is Bessie. I have a cat, called Patam, and a cow, called Daisy.

MARY W.

Wolseley, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My father farms on a mixed farm. We have eleven pigs, three cows, and seven colts and nine horses. I am eight years old. I go to school most of the time, and I am in the part second reader. My brother is writing this for me. I remain your little reader.

GORDON T. M.

Murray River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the Correspondence, and the Story page. My papa is a Baptist minister. My papa and mama came out from England eleven years ago. I have two brothers; their names are Alvah and Cliffie, and a little sister named Ruby, nine months old. For my pets I have a dog, named Kruger, and a cat, named Pretoria, and a kitten, named Spot. We keep a horse and a cow. I go to Sunday-school, and to day school, and I am in the fourth grade. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Feb. 8.

ETTIE A. C.

Pittsburg, Ind.

Dear Editor,—This is the second day of school. I hardly know whether I will go or not; there is so much to do on a farm that one is busy all the time. We have three cows and one calf and some few sheep. It was a terrible surprise to hear that the President was shot. It was just when we were least expecting it. We believed everyone thought too much of him to do such a thing. I think you ought to guard your King carefully, for I believe that all rulers are in danger.

JOHN H. A. A.

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and as I was reading the letters written by so many boys and girls, I thought that I would like to write a letter too. We live one mile from the school, so we can go the year round. When the weather is stormy, some one drives us. I have only missed six days and my brother and sister have made a complete record for the last three terms. Our teacher is Miss Lizzie Kinley. We all like to go down to Pelican Lake, which is but a short distance, and play on the shore.

JEAN H. (Aged 7).

Knowlton, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I have three sisters, one is ten months old; her name is Bertha and she is very cute and can walk alone. I have one brother, ten years old, and he walks three miles to school. My birthday was on Sept 8, and I was eight years old; I got a doll for a birthday present. I went to school this summer and read in the second reader. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before.

GLENDORA P.

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, about 68 miles east of Montreal. My father is a farmer; he ships milk to Montreal; he milks about thirty cows. We have four horses. I have no sisters, but one brother. I go to school; and I am in grade I. Model. I live about a mile and a half from a post-office and country stores, and about a mile from a church, I go nearly every Sunday. I go to Sunday-school. My mamma is our teacher. I was in Springfield, Mass., two years ago, in June. We drove fourteen miles round trip to see the late President McKinley, when he was visiting that city, I am so sorry for Mrs. McKinley.

MARETTA. (Aged 11).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am looking over the Correspondence. I was surprised to see that in last week's 'Messenger,' there was not one correspondence that was headed 'Toronto.' I cannot tell you all the trips I have taken, but one of them, was to the Pan-American, which I enjoyed very much. Our summer resort was near the water, and I took great pleasure in swimming and canoeing as there was lots of it.

B. A.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Onion

(By Dora M. Morrell, in the New York 'Observer.')

One of the best of the Boston doctors has onions served at least twice a week to his own children, and speaks in highest terms of their action for the health of those who eat them.

There are many methods of cooking this succulent vegetable which will make it welcome on any table. Onions raw are excellent for helping one to overcome a tendency to insomnia. They are purifiers of the blood almost without an equal, and far surpassing most of the so-called skin cures. The raw onion sometimes has a rank taste to it which is very disagreeable, and is followed by a burning sensation after it is swallowed. To avoid this, after the onion is peeled and sliced, cover it with hot water, and let it stand covered for half an hour. Turn that water off and pour on as much more. Half an hour later pour that off and the vegetable may be dressed and eaten. A good supper dish which will suit the hearty man or his opposite in tastes is a dish of onions prepared in this way, and dressed with a raw egg well beaten, to which is added vinegar liberally, a little salt and a spoonful of nice oil or melted butter or cream. Let this be poured on it long enough before serving to be thoroughly incorporated with it. Starting with this for a basis you can add to it cold potatoes cut in small dice, bits of beet, and any other cooked vegetable which you have left from dinner. Serve it prettily and you will find it a successful dish.

I cannot advise any one to eat fried onions, but if one has a longing for this that his beeksteak may be duly smothered, cut the slices rather thick, scald them with boiling water, which will partially cook them, and when the butter or dripping is very hot put the onions into it, cover closely and set back where the onions will brown without possibility of scorching or need of being stirred often. When they are brown turn them without making them look as mussy as they do when not carefully cooked. There is really no need of having such an unpleasant looking dish as fried onions usually are.

Stuffed onions are one of the best entrees, and in the ordinary family may serve as a warm dish at supper. For these you want to get the large Spanish onions. Scald them after peeling, or slightly parboil, but do not let them lose their shape. Take out the heart and fill the place thus left with a stuffing made of moistened breadcrumbs well seasoned and bits of cold meat. Pack all that you can get in. Baste often with gravy while the onions are baking, but if you have no gravy nor beef extract from which to make it, place on the top of each onion a bit of butter and baste with warm water. If you once try this you will like it well enough to have it every rainy day. Use the hearts of the onions, and as much more as you need for flavor, for onion soup. After parboiling the onions place them in milk or milk and water and boil until soft. Put through wire sieve. Then thicken the soup a little with flour, season with salt and butter, and serve over croutons. (These are dice of bread browned in the oven.) A little parsley cut very fine and sprinkled over the soup is an improvement.

Another thing you want to try is onions in cream sauce. Having cooked them, pour over them a white sauce made like that which is the basis of cream toast, cream fish, etc. This makes the vegetable a delicate dish which will be palatable to some invalids. Another way to serve them with cream dressing is to pour over them thick cream, which has been warmed in double boiler. These must be seasoned to taste.

A variation of this combination of white sauce and onions may be made by putting a layer of the vegetable in a baking dish, then one of sauce sprinkled with crumbs, then another layer of onions and so on until the dish is full. The last layer should be of sauce and crumbs. Let this bake in a quick oven until brown. Make the sauce rather thicker than for ordinary purposes.

Onions boiled in water which is then turned off and afterwards cooked in milk until soft enough to be cut into dice and then placed over slices of toast, make an agreeable dish. Onions should never be cooked in iron or tin as it turns them dark colored and they lose much of their delicacy, and are black instead of white.

Baked onions have a specially delicious flavor and shoud be more frequently prepared than they are. Baked with their jackets on in the ashes they are delicious, and when they are ready to serve they should be peeled and seasoned.

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